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MONSTER HUNTERS

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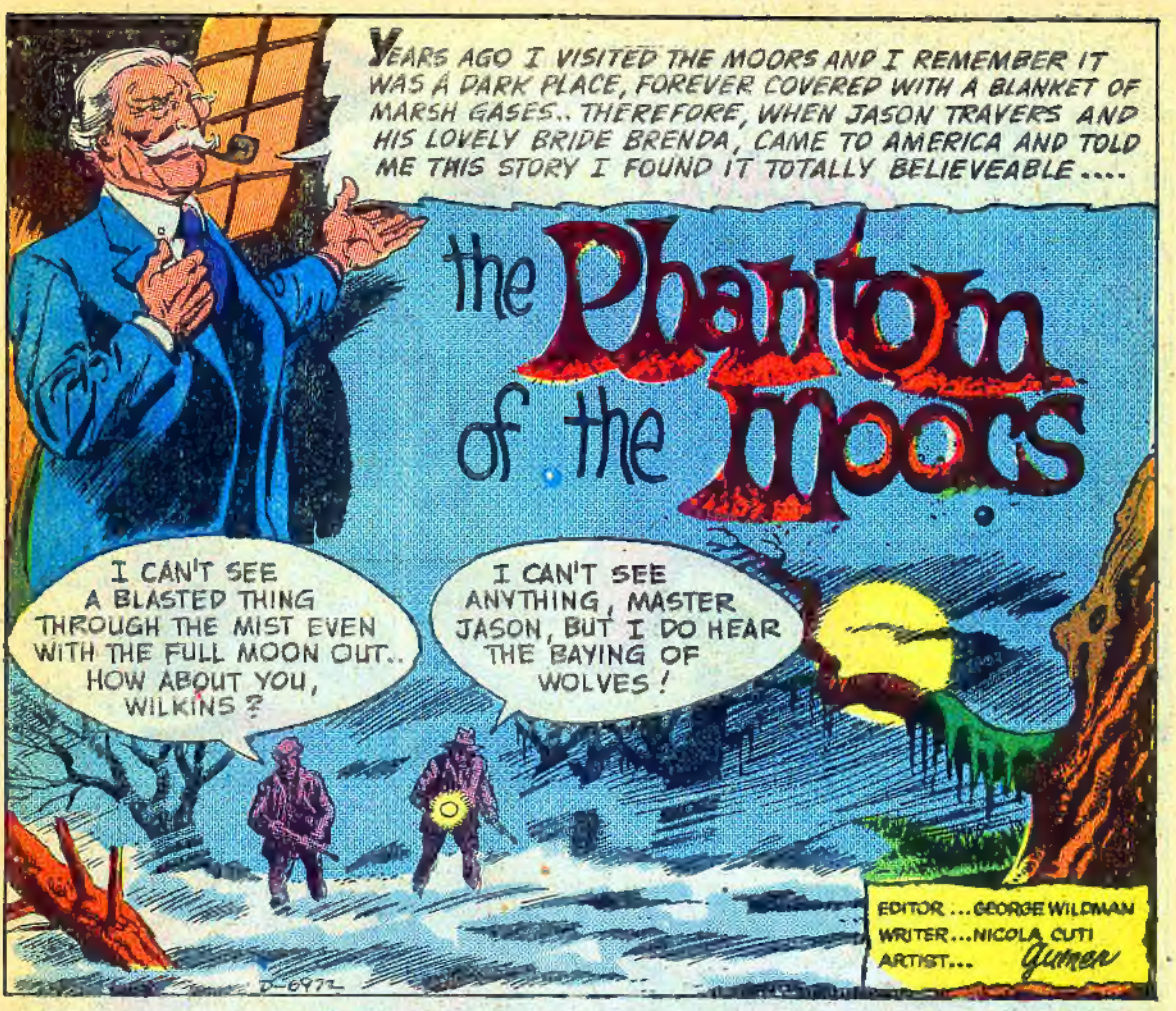
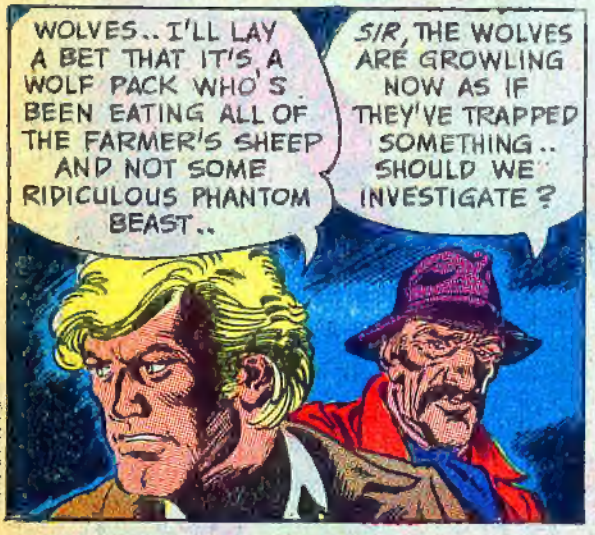

YEARS AGO I VISITED THE MOORS AND I REMEMBER IT WAS A DARK PLACE, FOREVER COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF MARSH GASES.. THEREFORE, WHEN JASON TRAVERS AND HIS LOVELY BRIDE BRENDA, CAME TO AMERICA AND TOLD ME THIS STORY I FOUND IT TOTALLY BELIEVEABLE....
the Phantom of the Moors
I CAN'T SEE A BLASTED THING THROUGH THE MIST EVEN WITH THE FULL MOON OUT.. HOW ABOUT YOU, WILKINS?
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, MASTER JASON, BUT I DO HEAR THE BAYING OF WOLVES!
EDITOR...GEORGE WILDMAN
WRITER...NICOLA CUTI
ARTIST...
D-6972


WOLVES.. I'LL LAY A BET THAT IT'S A WOLF PACK WHO'S BEEN EATING ALL OF THE FARMER'S SHEEP AND NOT SOME RIDICULOUS PHANTOM BEAST..
SIR, THE WOLVES ARE GROWLING NOW AS IF THEY'VE TRAPPED SOMETHING.. SHOULD WE INVESTIGATE?

MONSTER HUNTERS Vol. 1, No. 2, October, 1975,
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GOOD LORD! (Choke) THE PHANTOM IS REAL!..
I'LL CHASE THE WOLVES, SIR, IF YOU'LL SHOOT THE BEAST!
GROWL!
ARGH!
BLAM!
HURRY UP, WILKINS! I'VE WOUNDED HIM! WE'VE GOT TO TRACK HIM DOWN AND FINISH HIM OFF!
I THINK THAT YOU HAD BETTER COME HERE, SIR, AND SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND!
I KNOW HER.. IT'S BRENDA SYKES.. HER FATHER OWNS A FARM NOT FAR FROM HERE..
SHE'S STILL ALIVE, SIR.. I THINK WE SHOULD GET HER TO THE MANOR AS SOON AS POSSIBLE..
IT WILL BE DAYBREAK SOON AND THE PHANTOM ALWAYS HIDES IN THE DAY TIME.. DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE GLOWED?
AYE, SIR.. THE MARSH GASES MUST CAUSE THAT!
2

THERE WERE NO SERIOUS INJURIES TO THE GIRL AND SO BY DAWN IT WAS DECIDED THAT EXERCISE WOULD BE HER FASTEST CURE...
YOUR GARDENS ARE LOVELY, MR. TRAVERS.. I REMEMBER THEM FROM WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL..
I RECALL HOW WE PLAYED HERE WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.. SINCE WE'RE OLD FRIENDS I WISH THAT YOU WOULD CALL ME JASON..
THIS IS A SECTION WHERE I'VE NEVER BEEN...
YIII!
IT'S HIM - THE PHANTOM!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED.. IT'S ONLY A STATUE.. MY FATHER CARVED IT WHEN HE FIRST SAW THE MOOR PHANTOM... EVERYONE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS CRAZY, INCLUDING ME, BUT NOW I SEE THAT HE TOLD ME THE TRUTH!
IT LOOKS SO REAL!.. WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER?
THEY SAID THAT A PACK OF WOLVES KILLED HIM BUT PERHAPS IT WAS THE PHANTOM!
MASTER JASON, MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT? IT'S IMPORTANT!
YES, OF COURSE.. EXCUSE ME, BRENDA..
3

WHAT IS IT, WILKINS? I WAS RATHER ENJOYING MY WALK WITH MISS SYKES..
FORGIVE ME, SIR, BUT IT IS VERY IMPORTANT ... A MYSTERY!
I WAS GOING TO DO SOME GARDENING THIS MORNING AND SO I CAME TO THE SHED TO GATHER SOME TOOLS..
I SEE.. AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
I FOUND THIS IN THE SHED.. SOMEONE MUST HAVE BROUGHT IT IN THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW..
FOR HEAVENS SAKE, WILKINS, WHAT IS IT?
IT'S THE STATUE, SIR.. WHY WOULD ANYONE BRING THE STATUE IN HERE?
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!. I JUST SAW THE STATUE IN THE GARDEN...
OH, NO!
AS JASON SUDDENLY UNDERSTOOD THE HORROR OF WHAT HE SAW, BRENDA WAS ABOUT TO HAVE A REVELATION OF HER OWN!
WHAT'S THAT ON THE STATUE? IT LOOKS LIKE RUST OR DRIED... BLOOD!..
4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

GARRR!
AAIII!

TRY TO KEEP AWAY FROM ITS JAWS! WILKINS HAS GONE FOR MY SHOTGUN!
HURRY!.

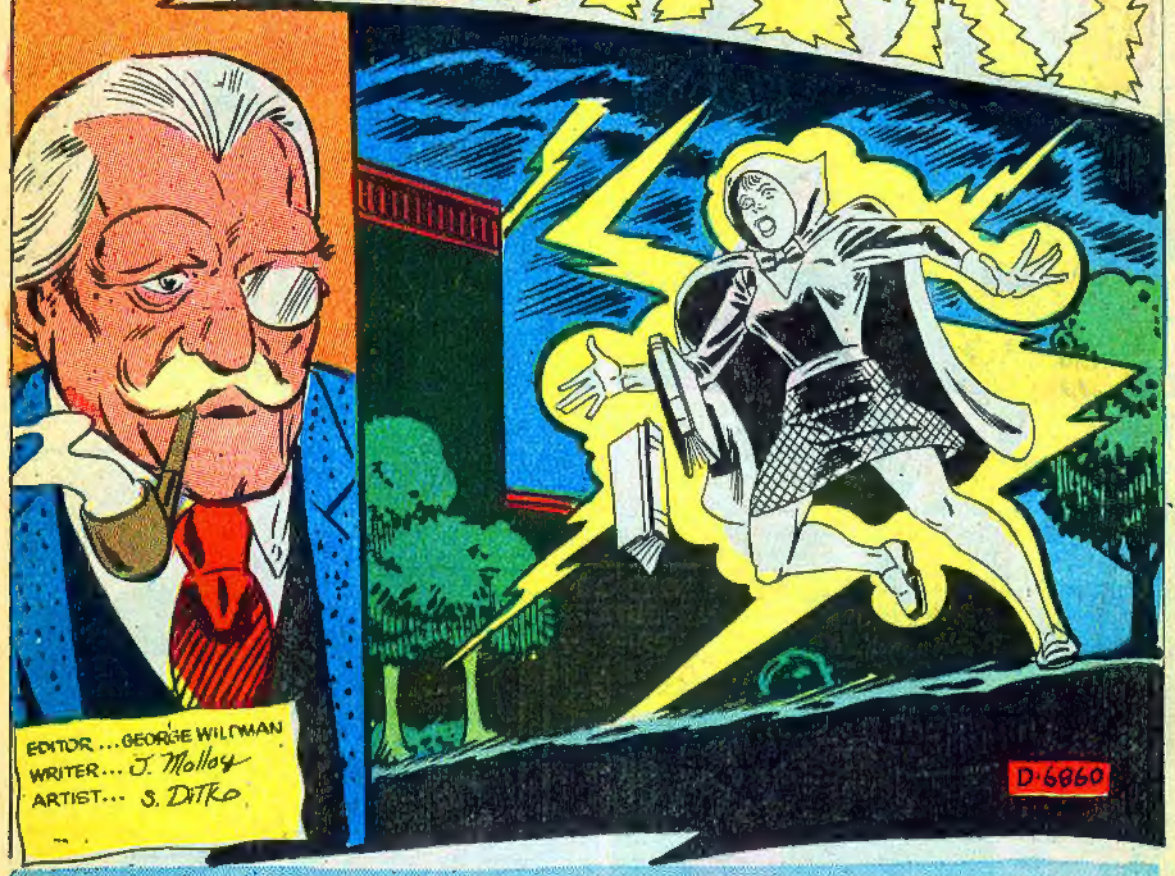
THIS THING IS USELESS! IF WILKINS DOESN'T ARRIVE SOON IT WILL BE...
GARR

BLAM!
UGHN!

CLEVER OF THE THING.. IT COVERED ITSELF WITH MUD AND TOOK THE STATUE'S PLACE!
IT WAS VERY CLEVER AND NOW IT IS VERY DEAD!
END

RAIN IS A CONSTANT COMPANION TO ALL THOSE WHO ATTEND COMPTON U! BUT DON'T LET THE DAMP STOP YOU. GRAB YOUR PONCHO AND GALOSHES AND JOIN THE RAINDECKED THRONG FOR A...

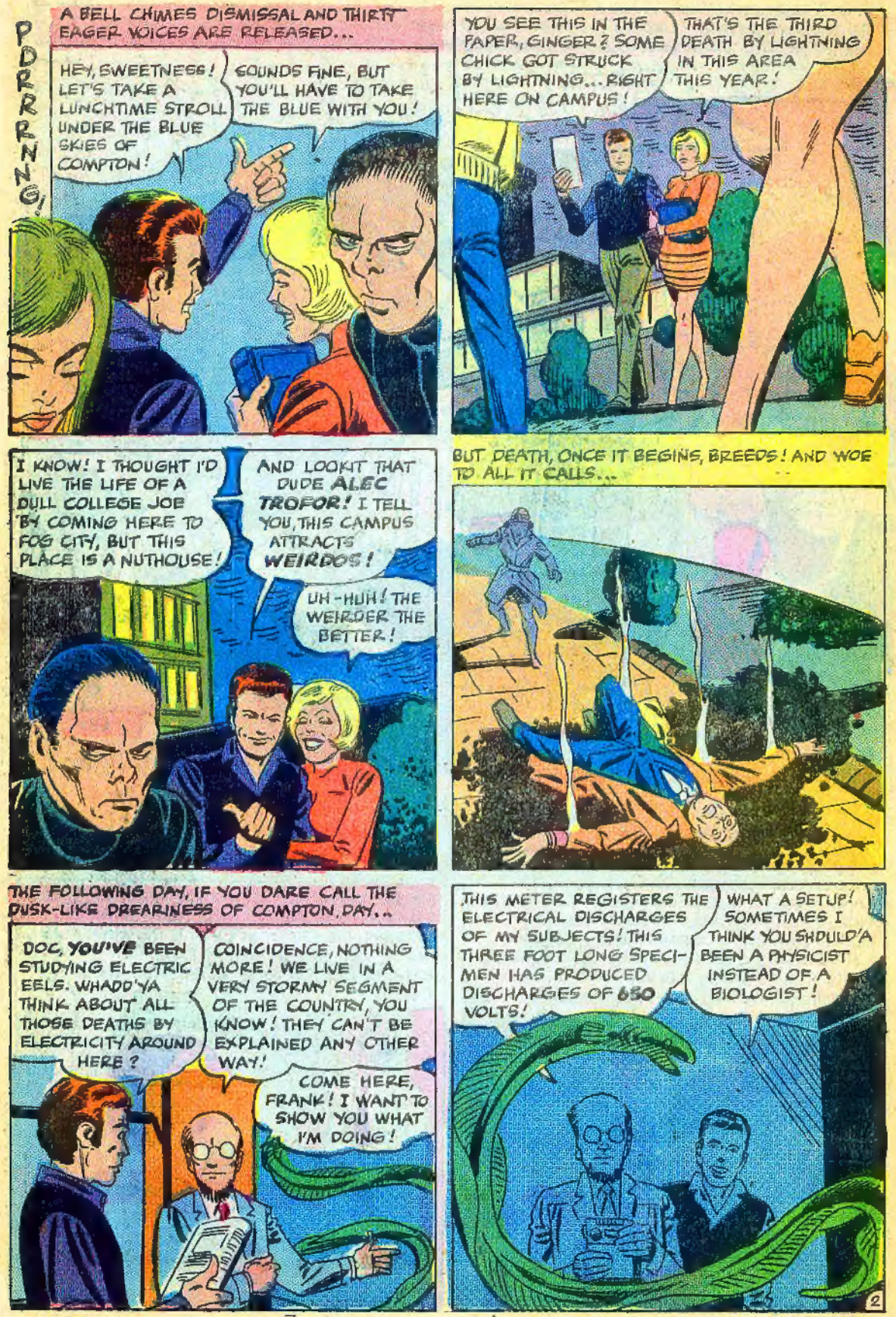
FISH FRY

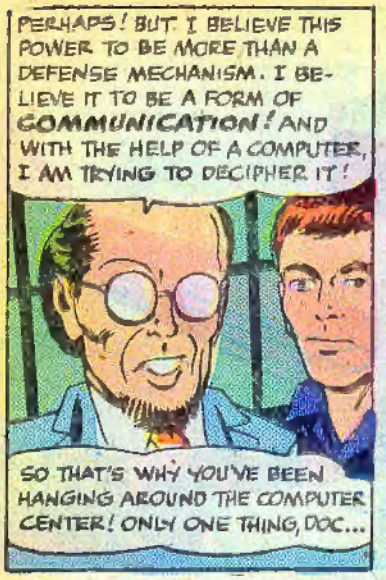


LIGHTNING CLAIMS A DEMON WHO WILL STRIKE THE UNSUSPECTING AT ANY MOMENT! BUT BE CAUTIOUS, READER, FOR THE BOLT THAT STRIKES THIS YOUNG LOVELY COMES FROM THE **GROUND**, NOT FROM THE SKY!

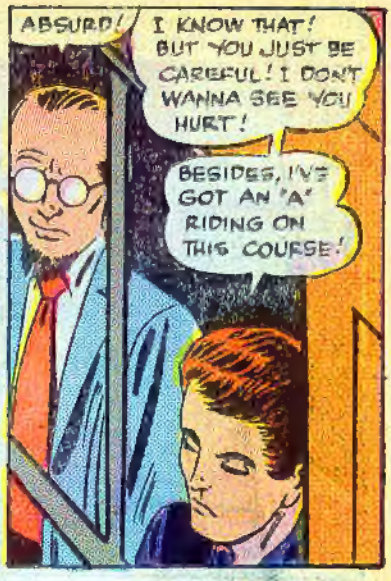
--AND AN ELECTRIC EEL'S DISCHARGE LASTS ONLY ABOUT TWO ONE-THOUSANDTHS OF A SECOND! AN INCANDESCENT LAMP, FOR INSTANCE, TAKES ONE-FIFTIETH OF A SECOND TO HEAT UP! THAT'S WHY I DON'T HAVE THEM FURNISHING THE POWER FOR THESE LIGHTS!

THE ELECTRIC EEL GENERATES **DIRECT** CURRENT, THE FRONT END OF THE FISH BEING POSITIVE TO THE TAIL END!
THE PROFESSOR'S SURE INTO TODAY'S TOPIC! THAT'S HIS MAIN LINE OF RESEARCH -- **ELECTRIC EELS!**
KILLED BY LIGHTNING

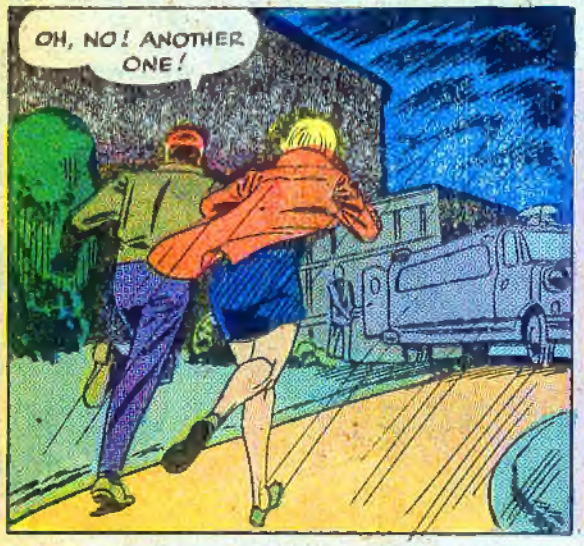

A BELL CHIMES DISMISSAL AND THIRTY EAGER VOICES ARE RELEASED...
PDRRRNG!
HEY, SWEETNESS! LET'S TAKE A LUNCHTIME STROLL UNDER THE BLUE SKIES OF COMPTON!
SOUNDS FINE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BLUE WITH YOU!
YOU SEE THIS IN THE PAPER, GINGER? SOME CHICK GOT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING... RIGHT HERE ON CAMPUS!
THAT'S THE THIRD DEATH BY LIGHTNING IN THIS AREA THIS YEAR!
I KNOW! I THOUGHT I'D LIVE THE LIFE OF A DULL COLLEGE JOE BY COMING HERE TO FOG CITY, BUT THIS PLACE IS A NUTHOUSE!
AND LOOKIT THAT DUDE ALEC TROFOR! I TELL YOU, THIS CAMPUS ATTRACTS WEIRDOS!
UH-HUH! THE WEIRDER THE BETTER!
BUT DEATH, ONCE IT BEGINS, BREEDS! AND WOE TO ALL IT CALLS...
THE FOLLOWING DAY, IF YOU DARE CALL THE DUSK-LIKE DREARINESS OF COMPTON, DAY...
DOC, YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING ELECTRIC EELS. WHADD'YA THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE DEATHS BY ELECTRICITY AROUND HERE?
COINCIDENCE, NOTHING MORE! WE LIVE IN A VERY STORMY SEGMENT OF THE COUNTRY, YOU KNOW! THEY CAN'T BE EXPLAINED ANY OTHER WAY!
COME HERE, FRANK! I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT I'M DOING!
THIS METER REGISTERS THE ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES OF MY SUBJECTS! THIS THREE FOOT LONG SPECIMEN HAS PRODUCED DISCHARGES OF 650 VOLTS!
WHAT A SETUP! SOMETIMES I THINK YOU SHOULD'A BEEN A PHYSICIST INSTEAD OF A BIOLOGIST!
2


PERHAPS! BUT I BELIEVE THIS POWER TO BE MORE THAN A DEFENSE MECHANISM. I BELIEVE IT TO BE A FORM OF COMMUNICATION! AND WITH THE HELP OF A COMPUTER, I AM TRYING TO DECIPHER IT!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THE COMPUTER CENTER! ONLY ONE THING, DOC...

THE NUT FACTION HERE ON CAMPUS BELIEVES THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN YOUR WORK HERE AND THE RASH OF PEOPLE BEING ELECTROCUTED.
TURN ELECTRIC OFF!



BUT LATER THAT WEEK...



THE NEXT EVENING...

BUT IS NOT INNOCENCE THE SWEET COMRADE OF TRAGEDY?
LOOKIT THAT! DEAD... LIKE THE OTHERS!
THEN WE WERE WRONG ABOUT HIM!
NO! WE WERE RIGHT! LOOKIT HIM... HE'S POINTING AT THOSE HORRIBLE EELS OF HIS!
THEY ARE THE MURDERERS!
VIOLENT TALK BEGETS VIOLENT ACTION...
STOP!--CAN'T YOU SEE... THAT DOOR... AJAR!??
A JAR OF WHAT?
THEY'VE BEEN LIVING IN FEAR FOR DAYS... AND IT'S MADE THEM CRAZY!
WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?
A COMPUTER PRINTOUT! IT READS,"--WE ARE NOT THE KILLERS! THE ONE YOU SEEK IS A MAN!" WELL, WELL., WELL! THE PROFESSOR MUST HAVE CRACKED THE CODE!
AND LOOKY HERE! A TRAIL OF WATER LEADING TO THAT OPEN WINDOW! THIS IS THE BACTI LAB, AND IS SUPPOSED TO BE SHUT TO INSURE STERILIZATION!
QUICKLY FRANK RECONSTRUCTS PRIOR EVENTS, AND APPROACHES THE OPEN WINDOW...
SOMEBODY MUSTVE KILLED THE PROFESSOR, COMING AND ESCAPING THROUGH THIS WINDOW! IT MUST BE THE "MAN" THE EELS SPOKE OF!
AND THERE HE IS!

IT'S HERO TIME ONCE AGAIN, KIDDIES!
GOTCHA!
BUT...
UGHH!
HE HIT ME WITH SOME KINDA SHOCK! BUT HOW?
SUDDENLY, ALL THE LIGHTS ON CAMPUS ARE EXTINGUISHED...
THE STORM MUSTA KNOCKED OUT THE POWER. THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR SHOULD SET THINGS RIGHT PRETTY SOON!
BUT...
I DON'T GET IT! THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR ISN'T WORKING!
I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK SINCE I LOST TRACK OF THAT CHARACTER!
BUT IT IS MORE THAN A LOOK YOU WILL TAKE..
OH, MY DEAR GOD!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, HUMAN! MY POWERS ARE TOO GREAT!
BUT WHY? WHAT FOUL REASON COULD YOU HAVE FOR ALL THOSE MURDERS?
WHAT REASON DO I NEED OTHER THAN THAT OF SPORT!
I AM A MUTANT FORM OF HUMAN .. A SUPERIOR TYPE! WHY SHOULD I BE IMPEDED BY HUMAN MORALS! I AM ABOVE ALL THAT!
THE PROFESSOR WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD TO DIE! HE WAS TOO CLOSE TO MY SECRET! HIS EELS WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME AWAY!
BUT NOW I AM SAFE!

PERHAPS NOT, DEMON!
GAWN!
JUST LIKE THE ELECTRIC EELS, IT'S IMPERVIOUS TO ITS OWN DISCHARGES, BUT NOT TO OTHER SOURCES OF ELECTRICITY!
SO WEAK... AND I CAN'T REPLENISH MY ENERGY FROM THE SHATTERED GENERATOR!
GOT TO GET OUT!
GETTING DIZZY-- MUST'VE INHALED TOO MUCH SMOKE!
7

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THE GROUND STARTS TO SPIN, BUT BEFORE HE PASSES OUT, HE HEARS IT:-- THE ANGUISHED CRY OF ONE NEAR DEATH... AND THEN HE SMELLS IT-- THE BURNING OF ALIEN FLESH!--

AIEEEEE!

--THEN... ALL IS BLACK!

UHHH--!

BUT EVEN THE BLACK CANNOT LAST FOREVER...

HUH... WHERE AM I?

IN A HOSPITAL! YOU WERE VERY LUCKY TO ESCAPE FROM THAT BUILDING UNHURT! THE OTHER WAS NOT SO LUCKY!

IS HE... DEAD?

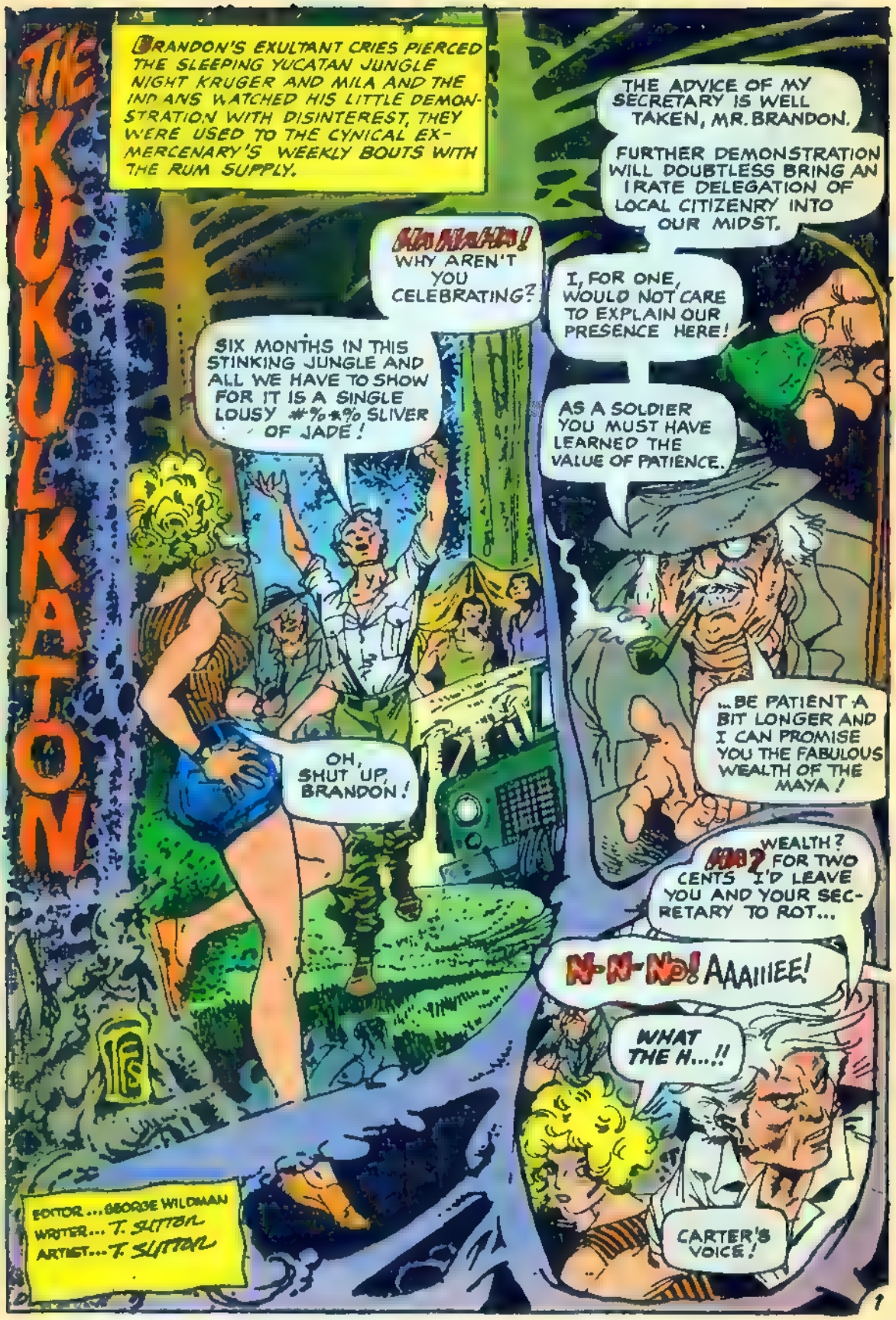
YES!

SUPPERTIME!

THAT SMELL... OH NO! GET IT AWAY FROM ME!

WHAT'S WRONG? IT'S ONLY FRIED FISH!

THE END

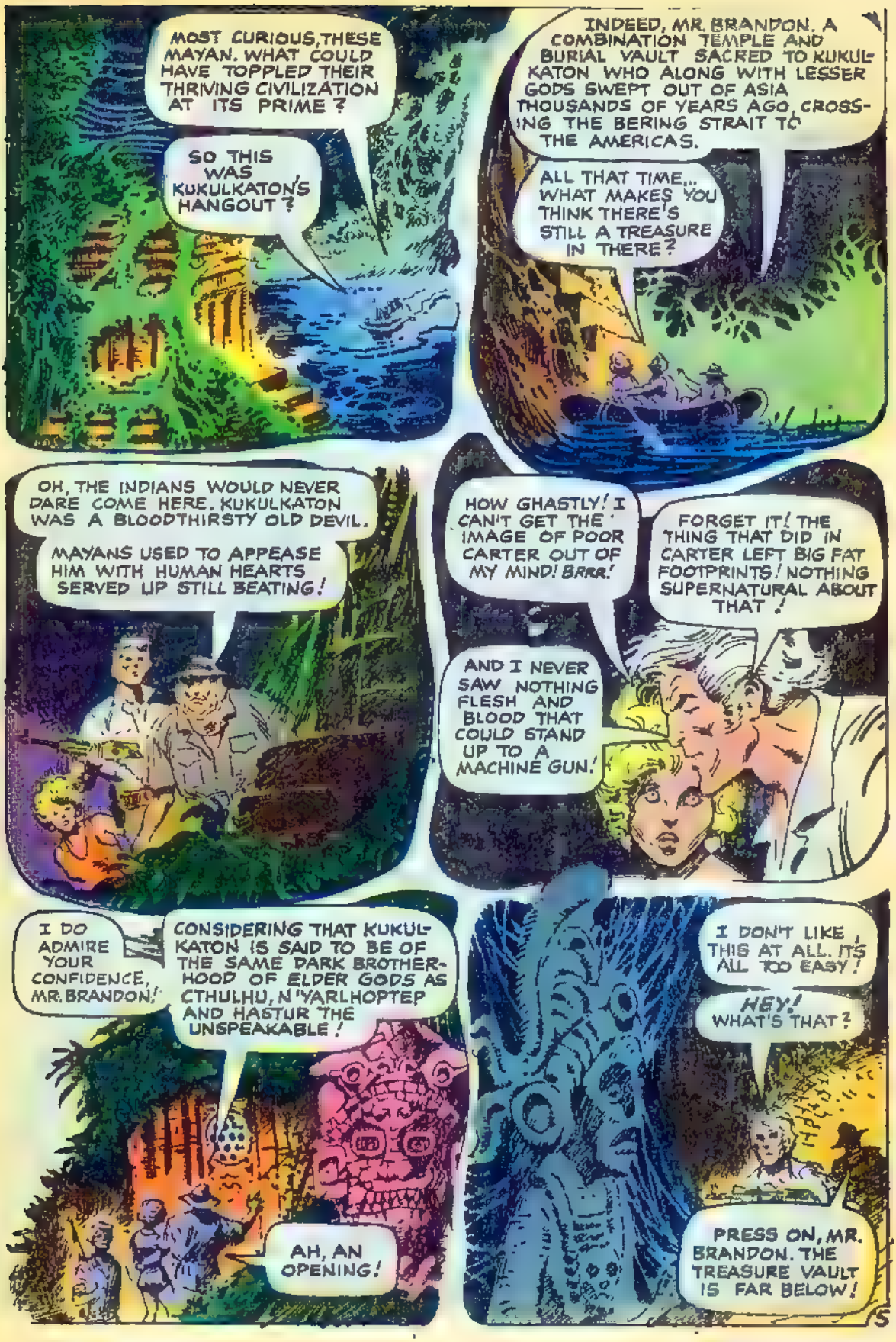

THE KUKULKAN
BRANDON'S EXULTANT CRIES PIERCED THE SLEEPING YUCATAN JUNGLE NIGHT KRUGER AND MILA AND THE INDIANS WATCHED HIS LITTLE DEMONSTRATION WITH DISINTEREST, THEY WERE USED TO THE CYNICAL EX-MERCENARY'S WEEKLY BOUTS WITH THE RUM SUPPLY.
HA HA HA HA! WHY AREN'T YOU CELEBRATING?
SIX MONTHS IN THIS STINKING JUNGLE AND ALL WE HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT IS A SINGLE LOUSY #%*% SLIVER OF JADE!
OH, SHUT UP, BRANDON!
THE ADVICE OF MY SECRETARY IS WELL TAKEN, MR. BRANDON.
FURTHER DEMONSTRATION WILL DOUBTLESS BRING AN IRATE DELEGATION OF LOCAL CITIZENRY INTO OUR MIDST.
I, FOR ONE, WOULD NOT CARE TO EXPLAIN OUR PRESENCE HERE!
AS A SOLDIER YOU MUST HAVE LEARNED THE VALUE OF PATIENCE.
...BE PATIENT A BIT LONGER AND I CAN PROMISE YOU THE FABULOUS WEALTH OF THE MAYA!
WEALTH? HA? FOR TWO CENTS I'D LEAVE YOU AND YOUR SECRETARY TO ROT...
N-N-No! AAAIIIEE!
WHAT THE H...!!
CARTER'S VOICE!
EDITOR... GEORGE WILDMAN
WRITER... T. SUTTON
ARTIST... T. SUTTON

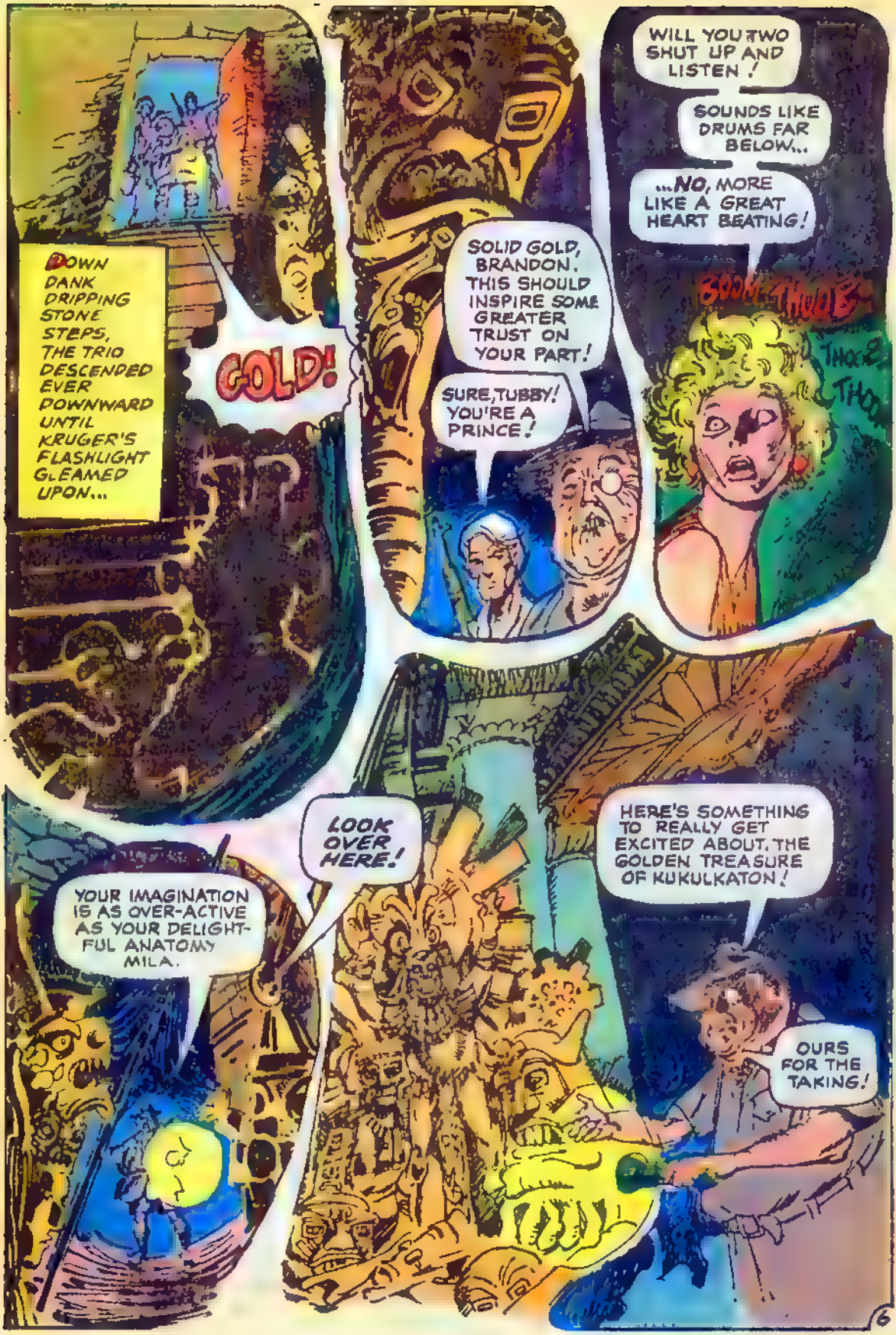
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! YOUR BELLOWING PROBABLY BROUGHT THE NATIVES DOWN ON CARTER!
STOW IT, HOT PANTS! THOSE JUNGLE BUNNIES DON'T SCARE ME!
TAKE THE FLASHLIGHT, MILA, GO WITH HIM. I SHALL REMAIN TO GUARD THE SUPPLIES.
YOU'D BETTER GET BACK WITH BIG DADDY. LET ME DO WHAT I GET PAID FOR!
NO WAY, BIG BOY. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN GET LITTLE MILA OUT OF THIS SO I STICK CLOSE TO LOVER!
C-CARTER?
OH!
OH, MY GOD! I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
GO AHEAD, YOU'RE ENTITLED, BUT BEFORE YOU DO TURN OFF THAT DAMN LIGHT!
MINUTES LATER, BACK AT CAMP...
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT! I MEAN I'VE SEEN A LOT OF MEN DIE IN SOME PRETTY MESSY CIRCUMSTANCES...
BUT NEVER NOTHIN' LIKE THAT!
THERE...THERE WERE PARTS OF HIM ALL OVER... AND HIS HEART WAS TORN OUT
KUKULKATON! YES... I'M SURE OF IT! BRANDON: DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
..YES, IT MEANS THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE BIG AS A HOUSE THAT LIKES TO RIP OUT PEOPLES HEARTS!

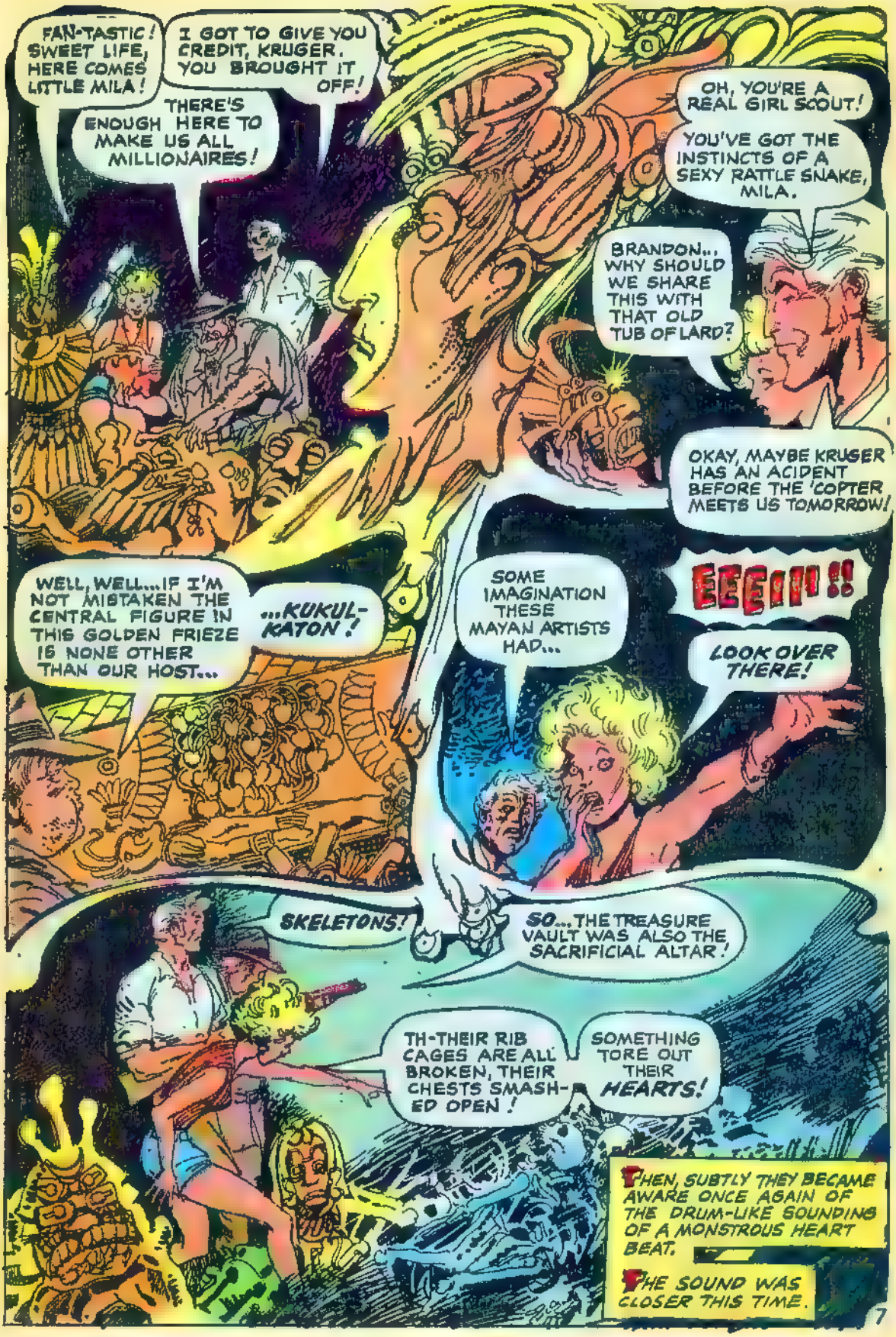
CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

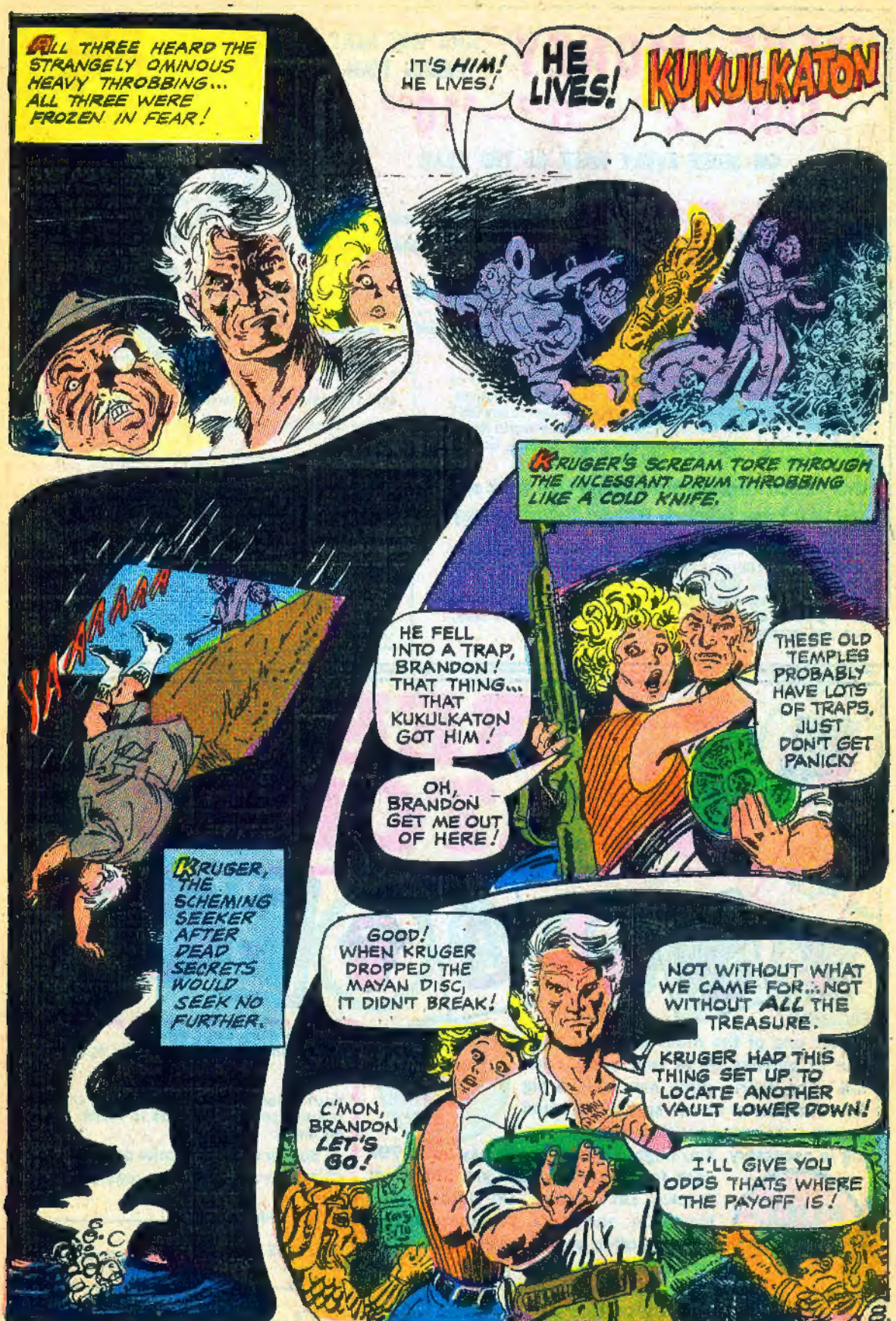
UNFORTUNATE INDEED ABOUT POOR CARTER, HOWEVER, KUKULKATON NEVER STRAYS FAR FROM HIS TEMPLE ATOP THE LEGENDARY PYRAMID OF T'KAL.
THE INDIAN GUIDES ARE GONE!
THAT CINCHES IT, KRUGER! WITHOUT THOSE INDIANS TO GUIDE US, WE CAN'T GO ON!
THAT FRAGMENT OF JADE YOU FOUND SO AMUSING BEFORE CARTER WAS KILLED. LET ME HAVE IT.
YOU WILL NOTE HOW PERFECTLY THIS 'INCONSEQUENTIAL' WEDGE OF JADE MATES WITH THE MAYAN DISC.
WERE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE ANCIENT MYAN ALPHABET, AS I AM, IT WOULD BE CLEAR TO YOU THAT WE HAVE INDEED ALREADY ARRIVED AT OUR DESTINATION.
WHY YOU OLD FRAUD! YOU HAD THIS ALL THE TIME?
PRECISELY, MY BOY. CALL IT A FAT OLD MAN'S TRUMP CARD IN THE EVENT YOU TWO DECIDED TO... AH, SAY, DEAL ME OUT.
I DIDN'T KNOW, BRANDON. HONESTLY, I DIDN'T KNOW!
QUITE TRUE. THERE ARE SOME THINGS ONE MUST KEEP EVEN FROM ONE'S DEVOTED SECRETARY. HEH-HEH.
THE SHORT OF IT IS SIMPLY THIS. BESIDES BEING AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE LOCATION OF KUKULKATON'S PYRAMID THIS DISC IS A KIND OF ENGRAVED INVITATION AND 'LATCH KEY' TO THE TREASURE!
OKAY, SPELL IT OUT, KRUGER!
3

HE'S CRAZY, BRANDON, WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS AREA HOW COULD WE HELP SEEING SOMETHING AS BIG AS A PYRAMID?.
SHE'S RIGHT, TUBBY!
LET'S SEE THIS PYRAMID OF YOURS... RIGHT NOW!
BY ALL MEANS, BUT FIRST IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO INFLATE THE RUBBER LIFE RAFT!
CLIK-KLIK
TEDIOUS HALF HOUR LATER THE THREE HAD HACKED THEIR WAY THROUGH VINE CHOKED JUNGLE TO A HIDDEN LAKE...
PUFF PUFF! I HAVE SUSPECTED THIS WHEN I FIRST LEARNED FROM THE KUKULKATON DISC THAT THE PYRAMID TEMPLE WAS BASED IN A VALLEY!
APPARENTLY IN THE ENSUING CENTURIES, NATURAL SPRINGS TURNED THE VALLEY INTO A HIDDEN LAKE. HOWEVER, AS THE TEMPLE WAS CONSTRUCTED ATOP THE PYRAMID...
LOOK CLOSELY AT THAT OUTCROPPING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WATER!
WHAT ONE MIGHT TAKE FOR A TINY NATURAL ISLAND!
YES, I CAN SEE THE STONE WALLS THROUGH THE VINES... IT'S THE TEMPLE!

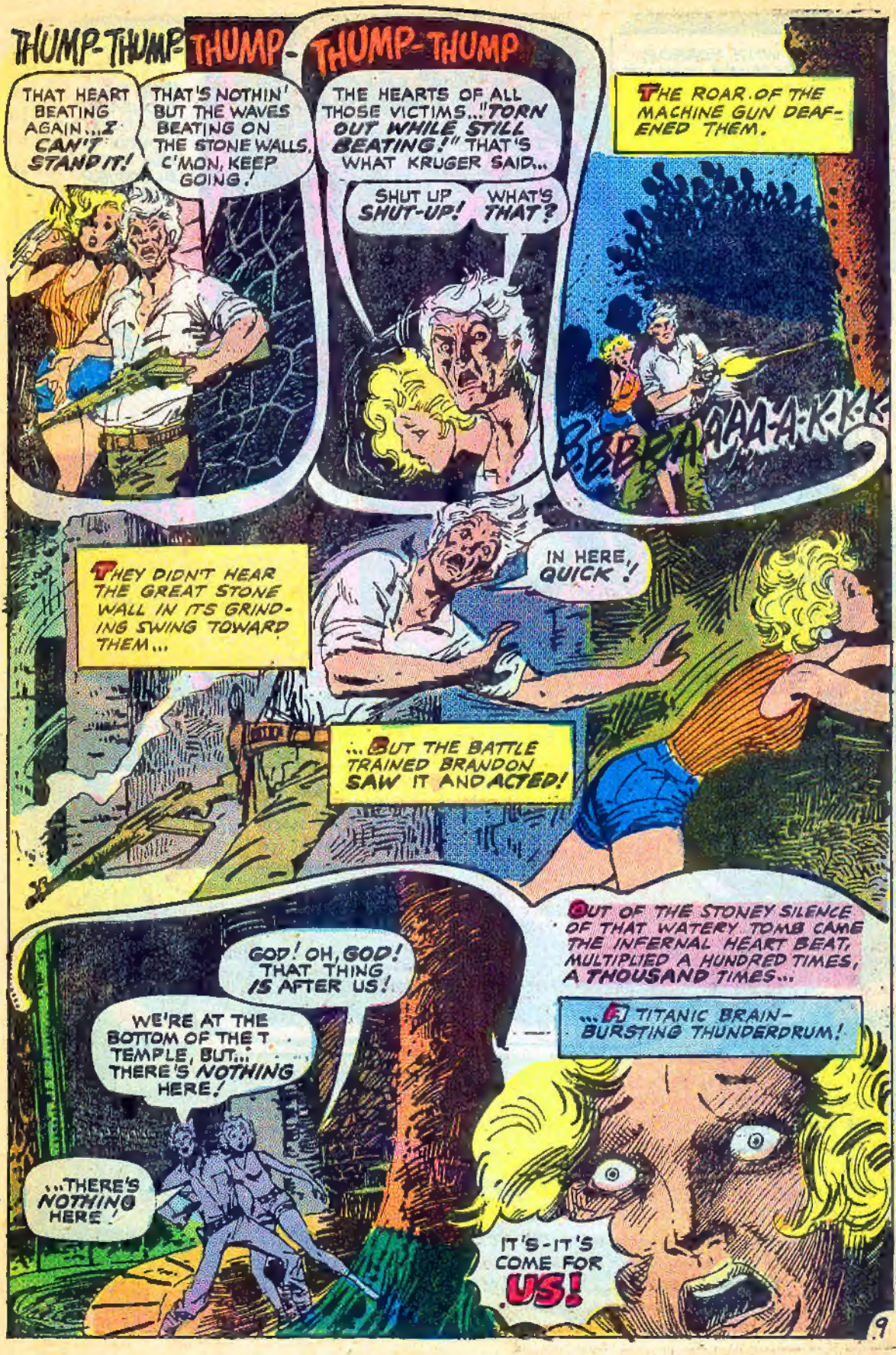

MOST CURIOUS, THESE MAYAN. WHAT COULD HAVE TOPPLED THEIR THRIVING CIVILIZATION AT ITS PRIME?
SO THIS WAS KUKULKATON'S HANGOUT?
INDEED, MR. BRANDON. A COMBINATION TEMPLE AND BURIAL VAULT SACRED TO KUKULKATON WHO ALONG WITH LESSER GODS SWEPT OUT OF ASIA THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, CROSSING THE BERING STRAIT TO THE AMERICAS.
ALL THAT TIME... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'S STILL A TREASURE IN THERE?
OH, THE INDIANS WOULD NEVER DARE COME HERE. KUKULKATON WAS A BLOODTHIRSTY OLD DEVIL.
MAYANS USED TO APPEASE HIM WITH HUMAN HEARTS SERVED UP STILL BEATING!
HOW GHASTLY! I CAN'T GET THE IMAGE OF POOR CARTER OUT OF MY MIND! BRRR!
FORGET IT! THE THING THAT DID IN CARTER LEFT BIG FAT FOOTPRINTS! NOTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THAT!
AND I NEVER SAW NOTHING FLESH AND BLOOD THAT COULD STAND UP TO A MACHINE GUN!
I DO ADMIRE YOUR CONFIDENCE, MR. BRANDON!
CONSIDERING THAT KUKULKATON IS SAID TO BE OF THE SAME DARK BROTHERHOOD OF ELDER GODS AS CTHULHU, N'YARLHOPTEP AND HASTUR THE UNSPEAKABLE!
AH, AN OPENING!
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL. IT'S ALL TOO EASY!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
PRESS ON, MR. BRANDON. THE TREASURE VAULT IS FAR BELOW!

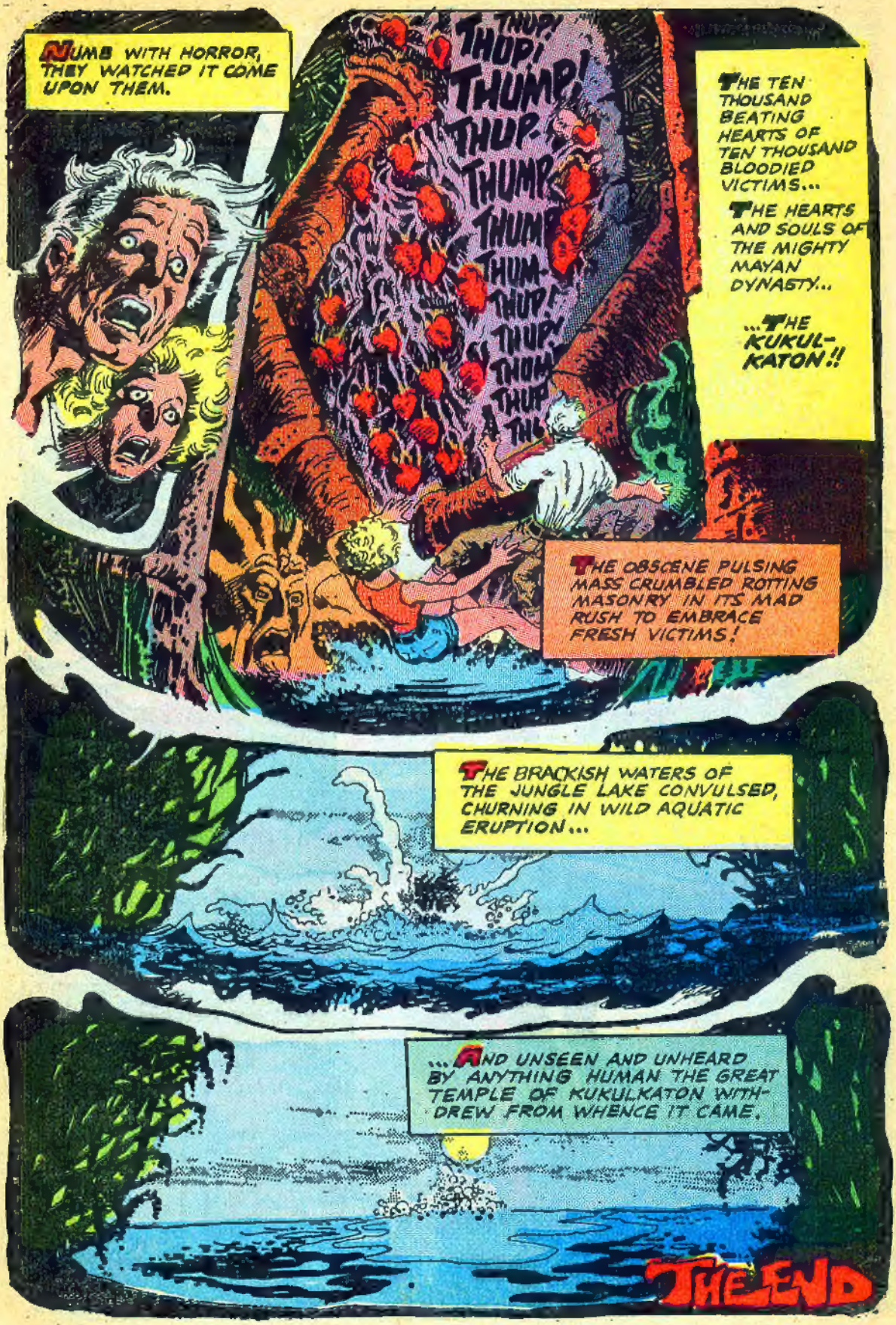

DOWN DANK DRIPPING STONE STEPS, THE TRIO DESCENDED EVER DOWNWARD UNTIL KRUGER'S FLASHLIGHT GLEAMED UPON...
GOLD!
SOLID GOLD, BRANDON. THIS SHOULD INSPIRE SOME GREATER TRUST ON YOUR PART!
SURE, TUBBY! YOU'RE A PRINCE!
WILL YOU TWO SHUT UP AND LISTEN!
SOUNDS LIKE DRUMS FAR BELOW...
...NO, MORE LIKE A GREAT HEART BEATING!
BOOM-THUD
THUD
THUD
LOOK OVER HERE!
YOUR IMAGINATION IS AS OVER-ACTIVE AS YOUR DELIGHTFUL ANATOMY MILA.
HERE'S SOMETHING TO REALLY GET EXCITED ABOUT. THE GOLDEN TREASURE OF KUKULKATON!
OURS FOR THE TAKING!


FAN-TASTIC! SWEET LIFE, HERE COMES LITTLE MILA!
I GOT TO GIVE YOU CREDIT, KRUGER. YOU BROUGHT IT OFF!
THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO MAKE US ALL MILLIONAIRES!
OH, YOU'RE A REAL GIRL SCOUT!
YOU'VE GOT THE INSTINCTS OF A SEXY RATTLE SNAKE, MILA.
BRANDON.., WHY SHOULD WE SHARE THIS WITH THAT OLD TUB OF LARD?
OKAY, MAYBE KRUGER HAS AN ACIDENT BEFORE THE 'COPTER MEETS US TOMORROW!
WELL, WELL....IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THIS GOLDEN FRIEZE IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR HOST...
...KUKUL-KATON!
SOME IMAGINATION THESE MAYAN ARTISTS HAD...
EEE!!!!
LOOK OVER THERE!
SKELETONS!
SO... THE TREASURE VAULT WAS ALSO THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR!
TH-THEIR RIB CAGES ARE ALL BROKEN, THEIR CHESTS SMASHED OPEN!
SOMETHING TORE OUT THEIR HEARTS!
THEN, SUBTLY THEY BECAME AWARE ONCE AGAIN OF THE DRUM-LIKE SOUNDING OF A MONSTROUS HEART BEAT.
THE SOUND WAS CLOSER THIS TIME.


ALL THREE HEARD THE STRANGELY OMINOUS HEAVY THROBBING... ALL THREE WERE FROZEN IN FEAR!
IT'S HIM! HE LIVES!
HE LIVES!
KUKULKATON
KRUGER'S SCREAM TORE THROUGH THE INCESSANT DRUM THROBBING LIKE A COLD KNIFE.
HE FELL INTO A TRAP, BRANDON! THAT THING... THAT KUKULKATON GOT HIM!
OH, BRANDON GET ME OUT OF HERE!
THESE OLD TEMPLES PROBABLY HAVE LOTS OF TRAPS, JUST DON'T GET PANICKY
YAAAAAAH
KRUGER, THE SCHEMING SEEKER AFTER DEAD SECRETS WOULD SEEK NO FURTHER.
GOOD! WHEN KRUGER DROPPED THE MAYAN DISC, IT DIDN'T BREAK!
NOT WITHOUT WHAT WE CAME FOR... NOT WITHOUT ALL THE TREASURE.
KRUGER HAD THIS THING SET UP TO LOCATE ANOTHER VAULT LOWER DOWN!
C'MON, BRANDON, LET'S GO!
I'LL GIVE YOU ODDS THATS WHERE THE PAYOFF IS!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE


THUMP-THUMP
THUMP-THUMP-THUMP
THAT HEART BEATING AGAIN...I CAN'T STAND IT!
THAT'S NOTHIN' BUT THE WAVES BEATING ON THE STONE WALLS. C'MON, KEEP GOING!
THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE VICTIMS..."TORN OUT WHILE STILL BEATING!" THAT'S WHAT KRUGER SAID...
SHUT UP SHUT-UP!
WHAT'S THAT?
THE ROAR OF THE MACHINE GUN DEAFENED THEM.
BE-BE-BA-AAA-A-K-K-K-K
THEY DIDN'T HEAR THE GREAT STONE WALL IN ITS GRINDING SWING TOWARD THEM...
IN HERE, QUICK!
...BUT THE BATTLE TRAINED BRANDON SAW IT AND ACTED!
OUT OF THE STONEY SILENCE OF THAT WATERY TOMB CAME THE INFERNAL HEART BEAT, MULTIPLIED A HUNDRED TIMES, A THOUSAND TIMES...
...OF TITANIC BRAIN-BURSTING THUNDERDRUM!
GOD! OH, GOD! THAT THING IS AFTER US!
WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE T TEMPLE, BUT... THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
...THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
IT'S-IT'S COME FOR US!


NUMB WITH HORROR, THEY WATCHED IT COME UPON THEM.
THUP! THUMP! THUP! THUMP THUMP THUM-THUP! THUP! THUM THUP TH
THE TEN THOUSAND BEATING HEARTS OF TEN THOUSAND BLOODIED VICTIMS...
THE HEARTS AND SOULS OF THE MIGHTY MAYAN DYNASTY...
...THE KUKUL-KATON!!
THE OBSCENE PULSING MASS CRUMBLED ROTTING MASONRY IN ITS MAD RUSH TO EMBRACE FRESH VICTIMS!
THE BRACKISH WATERS OF THE JUNGLE LAKE CONVULSED, CHURNING IN WILD AQUATIC ERUPTION...
...AND UNSEEN AND UNHEARD BY ANYTHING HUMAN THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KUKULKATON WITH-DREW FROM WHENCE IT CAME.
THE END

mail Monster

Dear Colonel Whiteshroud:

So far, I haven't read *Monster Hunters #1*. I don't think it was on sale yet when I wrote this letter, but I read in a fanzine that Charlton was coming out with another ghost title named *Monster Hunters* and you, Colonel Whiteshroud, would be the narrater.

Right on! I really dig Tom Sutton's kind of crawly, slithery creations. A lot of the stories in Charlton's ghost titles aren't about ghosts or witches. Many of them are concerned with slimy critters oozing out of the swamp or crawling up from a hole in the ground. Stories about aliens prowling our planet, robots, mutants dreamed up by mad scientists and do - it - yourselfers, and other weirdos certainly don't belong in the same book with ghosts haunting ancient castles or emerging from the grave to right ancient wrongs.

So, we've got a book just for monsters. And, Colonel Whiteshroud, you'll track them down and relate the stories. Fantastic idea! Just finished a batch of other Charlton titles; and right now, I'm a confirmed Charlton fan. All the stories are new. There aren't any 'reprinted by popular demand' lines in there. Aside from the fact that some readers may have read those stories before, art and stories have changed. It's easy to spot stuff that was done eight or ten years ago. When I buy a book, I pay with fresh money, and I want fresh material in exchange.

So, I'm looking forward to meeting you, Colonel. I wish you all the success in the world.

Sincerely,
Greg Minotti,
Yonkers, NY

Good to hear nice things from you, Greg. It's true there's a long wait between the time a book is planned, written, then illustrated, and finally distributed for sale but I thought for sure it would be out by the time you mailed the letter.

We plan on including a few sci-fi stories in *Monster Hunters*. Some of the cutest monsters I've ever known come from outer space or out of a test tube in some nut alchemist's laboratory. The first issue is a real dilly, so latch onto a copy of it in case you didn't get one.

Dear Editor:

After reading the first issue of Monster Hunters, I have high hopes that Charlton has yet another winner. I loved the introduction by Nick Cuti. Colonel Whiteshroud is a fascinating old codger; and his cuddly companion, the Countess von Bludd, is a fascinating young chick. From the grapevine, I hear that the Countess is going to be narrating *Scary Tales*. If the illustrators use her as often and as effectively as Winnie the Witch in *Ghostly Haunts*, it will make for a very enjoyable *Scary Tales*. I mean, if we've gotta be scared, why not let it be by a doll like the Countess?

The Boars Head Beast which led off ish #1 was written by Nicola Cuti and illustrated by Wayne Howard. Wayne did his usual workmanlike job on Nick's excellent script. I really love this type of story as compared with witches and vampires and the usual characters found in Charlton ghost comics. I suppose this is why you've introduced a comic book of this type. It's a sub - category, I guess. Not ghost but definitely not factual or in the adventure category.

The second story, illustrated by PAM and written by Joe Molloy was another winner. I like these yarns where the baddie is betrayed by his own evil greed and winds up getting zocked! PAM always does a fantastic job. His distinctive, clean style makes him one of my favorite illustrators.

Now, the third story, again scripted by Nick Cuti, was pretty unusual. The moral of the story must be if you search long enough for monsters, you'll find one. And when you do, you may be sorry you succeeded. I really enjoyed *MH*, gentlemen. I hope it's a solid smash, and I look forward to seeing Colonel Whiteshroud again.

Yours truly,
Kenneth F.
Akron, Ohio.

Welcome aboard, Kenneth. Glad you liked Colonel Whiteshroud's first modest effort. A chap like the colonel who roams the world meets a lot of fascinating types who hunt unusual creatures or track down legends and myths. He'll have some interesting stories for us in the future. We had some really good illustrators in that issue, as you pointed out. Wayne Howard is one of the best, PAM has been a top artist in comics for years, and Paul Kirchner who did the last story, is a talented newcomer to the Charlton bullpen. We promise to keep delivering good stories and top art in Colonel Whiteshroud's mag from now on. And keep writing. We love it.